

THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1928

This is supposed to be the last of the series under the title of the Huntersville road. It has been said that I got stalled on that road and have not been able to get off of it since. There are at least two reasons for hash. The first is that it is a popular dish especially with the aged and the other is that there is nothing else in the house to set before the family. A large turkey in a small family finally appears in hash, and if I have to eat turkey I prefer it in hash, for many cookings disguise the reptilian nature of the dish. And if it should hereafter appear that something else is offered on this subject it will be because the goods expected did not come.

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I have a little book that I hope to publish sometime about birds. In it I have devoted the space to evidences of intelligence in birds, a phase of the subject which has been wonderfully neglected. I have a indefinite feeling that birds are the wisest of all animals and the most accomplished. They have even learned to speak human language and that is something that no other animal has ever done with the single exception of the donkey that Balaam heard. The bird is the oldest land animal. At first four footed like the most of the reptiles they developed their front feet into wings and were soon able to escape their enemies in the air. Nothing else in the way of land animals has been able to do this. They have many fine traits and they are much loved and cherished by men. I sometimes wonder if they are not too near humans to be eaten as food.

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One of the most remarkable incidents of intelligence and devotion to their human cousins is the tradition about the Cackley pigeons. Something over a hundred years ago a citizen named William Cackley, a son of the pioneer Valentine Cackley, lived on the farm now owned and operated by Fred W. Ruckman, at Marvin Chapel, on the Seneca Trail eight miles below Marlinton at the Stephen Sewell run. His wife was Jennie Gay, a daughter of Robert Gay, who lived just above Marlinton on the river. William Cackley kept a store at that place. He decided to move to Huntersville. This must have been just about the time that Huntersville had begun to boom by reason of being the county seat of the new county of Pocahontas. He did not go into the town but settled on Cummings Creek in sight of the court house. At Marvin Mrs. Cackley had a flock of pigeons. When they came to move she decided that it was not worth while to move the pigeons. They were hard to catch and of no intrinsic value. And they

thinking on their part.

The distance from Marvin to Huntersville by way of Martins Bottom is fourteen miles. The family moved one day and the next morning at daybreak when the family woke and looked out, every pigeon was seen on an oak tree near the house. They had followed the family.

This William Cackley was a very prominent man in the history of the county. He was a captain in the war of 1812. Served several terms in the legislature. He was sheriff of the county. But he later moved to Illinois and while he had a large number of children not many of his descendants live in this county. His daughter Leah married John Heggsett and lived on Elk.

I got a letter the other day from my friend, Charles B. Johnson, the distinguished lawyer of Harrison county. He had caught the name Cackley in some of these romances, and he identifies himself with them having been descended from a brother of Valentine Cackley. He has accumulated a great many details of the family. He writes me that the Cackleys of a hundred and fifty to two hundred years ago were much

with the one that came to Winches-
te, Virginia, there married Mary
Frye and branched off from the rest
of the family and settled at Mill
Point during the Revolution. This
was Valentine Cackley. He built
the first mill at Mill Point. The
place was first called Cackleytown
but gradually took on the name of
Mill Point. It was at a place where
the swift flowing waters of Stamping
Creek could be used for power. Val-
entine Cackley was the rich man of
the community. He had a flour mill,
a tilt hammer, a saw mill, a tannery,
a store, and great farms. His house
was where Lanty McNeel lives and
where the fort was. It was to this
fort that the Bridger boys were
brought when they had been shot to
death by the Indians in Bridgers Gap
three miles north of this place.

I have been trying to get a line on
Sir Eric Geddes and the Huntersville
road as so many insist that he was
about here in the eighties or nineties.
I cannot be absolutely sure, but I
think I remember him being at my
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road as so many insist that he was about here in the eighties or nineties I cannot be absolutely sure, but I think I remember him being at my Uncle Andy McLaughlin's on the Huntersville road somewhere about 1890. I base this on the numerous reports that he showed up in this part of West Virginia, and on the strength of my identification of a photograph of the days of his prime. If I recollect aright he was a huge young fellow lumbering along with a still higher Englishman.

Here are some of the details of his American experience printed after he became England's right hand man in the great war. Geddes is Scotch and was born in India in 1872. In 1889 he came to America and landed in New York. He traveled in the steerage. He left home against his father's wishes and when he left his father gave him a check for fifteen pounds to be used when he got home sick for a passage home from New York. His first job was in New

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York City trying to make a living as
a salesman. His next job was in the
Iron works at Homestead, at a dollar
and a half a day.

From there he came to West Vir-
ginia and got a job as a section hand
on the Baltimore and Ohio railway,
and the engineer in charge of his part
of the railroad was L. F. Loree, the
great railway magnate of the
present time.

From there Geddes seems to have
landed somewhere over in the central
part of the State, possibly on the
West Virginia Pittsburgh which was
being built into the Gauley country
in 1890. The account says the sta-
tion was called Nicolette but I can
not figure out whether this was the
place that he worked first in West
Virginia or where he got in charge
of the station. And I cannot locate
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He stopped there riding sheep range for a year, and then went to India.

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range for a year, and then went to India.

It was in India that he got his chance. He found that some lightly constructed railway was to be built in the woods. You know about how it would appeal to the trained engineers of England. They would build for all time with rod and rule and blue print. Geddes in America had learned to build woods road without the aid of expert engineers and he laid it down in a hurry and from the beginning he rose rapidly, and at the outbreak of the war he was general manager of the North Eastern, one of the richest roads in England.

The lumber road in these mountains is still fearfully and wonderfully made. The boss will walk ahead with a staff in his hand and indicate as he goes along without an instrument where the road is to be and where the bridges are to be made, and the construction gang follows and evens up and builds long cribs for the bridges and the railroad follows. On this heavy engines and trains are used for years.

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on the continent of Europe. the de-
partment got tangled up. Kitchener
remembered Geddes and the woods
road of India. He sent for him to
get some lines built to relieve the
congestion. Red Tape was offended
and Geddes was not allowed to build
his emergency lines.

But when Lloyd George came in
they put Geddes in full charge and he
built hundreds of miles of light rail-
ways and imported railroad builders
from North America for the purpose.
In a short time he became one of the
great men of the world. When he
could not get rails and rolling stock
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A few words about the expedition of Col. Wesley Owens of Eighth Ohio Cavalry, to Huntersville, in June 1865. This is positively the last army of the Civil War that marched through this county on either side. I have given the last appearance to at least two other commands in the last year of the war, and then dug up another and yet another from the records of the War of the Rebellion as it is officially named.

May 28th. 1865, the war well over, the Ohio regiment was at Clarksburg. The headquarters of the West Virginia Department at Cumberland Maryland, heard that Ex Governor William Smith, [Extra Billy) was in retirement at Martins Bottom, and for some reason the military authori-

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Owens left Clarksburg, June 1, 1865, with a column of 400 men on horseback. They rode through Philippi, Beverly, and Huntersville. At Beverly the search for government property began. Especially for concealed arms for they did not want the mountains to break out again.

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At that time there were a lot of horses belonging to the United States on the farms. These were mostly horses that had been traded by the troopers for better ones. A horse soldier was apt to do that for if his horse began to weaken and he found a fine strong horse in the country it was very natural for him to make a unilateral trade and ride off on the good horse and leave the other in its place. And there had been a lot of good rifles taken. It seems sometimes that the confederates fought with federal arms. Owens came on over Elk Mountain by way of Mingo Flats and when he got to Marlins Bottom, he made inquiries and found that William Smith was not there. That is correct. He was not in this neighborhood at anytime so far as I

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So Owens decided to give up the pursuit of Smith. He reported that affairs in Pocahontas County were in good shape. There was no horse stealing going on. The citizens were well disposed and quiet. Returning rebels immediately went to work and conducted themselves with propriety.

He was eminently right in that statement. In my grandfather's family there were five surviving sons who had been involved in the War of the Rebellion and they had more than enough and were apprehensive of imprisonment and prosecution. They were peaceful and not attracting any more attention than they could.

Owens found and took the following government property: Thirteen horses, one mule, seven geldings and bridles, and eleven rifles.

He was very bitter about one thing, however. A day ahead of him rode a company of West Virginia State Troops under a Captain Allen, who

had been captured by the rebels at the narrow mouth of the Cheat River. They had been held in prison at Martinsburg, W. Va., for nearly a year. They had been fed on beans and corn mush, and had been compelled to work in the coal mines. They had been beaten and flogged. They had been compelled to march in the parades of the rebels. They had been compelled to stand in the ranks and watch the rebels shoot their own men. They had been compelled to stand in the ranks and watch the rebels burn their own homes. They had been compelled to stand in the ranks and watch the rebels burn their own farms. They had been compelled to stand in the ranks and watch the rebels burn their own towns. They had been compelled to stand in the ranks and watch the rebels burn their own cities. They had been compelled to stand in the ranks and watch the rebels burn their own country. They had been compelled to stand in the ranks and watch the rebels burn their own state. They had been compelled to stand in the ranks and watch the rebels burn their own nation. They had been compelled to stand in the ranks and watch the rebels burn their own world. They had been compelled to stand in the ranks and watch the rebels burn their own universe. They had been compelled to stand in the ranks and watch the rebels burn their own universe.

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Captain I. W. Allen was a tall, broad shouldered man with an eagle eye and hooked nose, and he had the respect of the soldiers who served under him because he was cool and courageous. After the war he retired to a small farm on Clover Creek mountain which he worked himself with no more help than his sons gave him as they grew old enough to farm. It was the kind of farm where most of the corn was raised with a hoe and husked and carried into the crib. I taught my first school in his sub-district. It seems to me that he was one of the trustees.

I would go over to his house to spend the night. I slept on one feather bed and under another. We had bear meat for supper. He was like a good many other soldiers, very

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I would go over to his house to spend the night. I slept on one feather bed and under another. We had bear meat for supper. He was like a good many other soldiers, very stern and solemn. He would talk a good deal about the war.

I remember one time I was in Charleston in a room in the hotel all cluttered up with statesmen and other prominent West Virginians who were engaged in the national game of holding hands. The old Captain was down there at the same time looking after some legislation. He was a very striking example of the mountaineer with his bold and interrified look his eagle hawk his

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beard in which the gray was begin-
ning to show. I have seen that same
leath defying look in one other man
in my time, Captain Anson Hatfield,
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Allen was looking for me and when
he came to the right room he opened
the door and holding it part open,
peered around at the unbelievers. It
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killed hills in all its moods. I have found many wonderful and beautiful fossils of prehistoric life engraved in the solid rock. And I have enjoyed the driving storms that sweep this narrow valley and caused the car to howl and falter from their force.

That country is full of relics of the sea that has been pushed back so far that the mountain people ever have seen it. To be able to gather sea shells within a few minutes of my house proved a never fading source of interest to me. If we can get a boat and land near the grey beard of the waterfall, we can visit the sea until it was the other day. I can't hear its surf, though, without noise.

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CHRIST FOR ALL—ALL FOR CHRIST

The Word of God

My word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.—Psalms 119: 105

BIBLE THOUGHT AND PRAYER
If parents will have their children memorize a Bible selection each week, it will prove a priceless heritage to them in after life.

THE ONLY GOD:—Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God is one Lord.—Deuteronomy 6:4

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